AUGUST 1924 No. XI

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

Devoted to the Interests of Those Who Serve the Hudson's Bay Company

Chief Peguis

(See Cover Picture)

THE beautiful monument to the Indian chief, Peguis, which now stands in a sequestered nook of Kildonan Park, Winnipeg, is attracting much attention and favourable comment. Peguis was chief of the Salteaux (pronounced *so-toe*) or Cree Indians, who inhabited the land which is now contained in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and he was noted for his friendship to the whites, particularly to the Selkirk colonists.

After the disastrous battle of Seven Oaks in 1816, when the survivors of the settlement were in grave danger of total annihilation, Peguis, when he had little to gain and something to lose by so doing, gave them his material protection and the benefit of his great influence, thereby assisting in the perpetuation of the settlement and helping at a time when most needed to preserve this part of the country under British control.

In May, 1817, Lord Selkirk, whom the Indians called Silver Chief, started on his inland journey to the Red river. He met with the various Indian chiefs and was successful in gaining their confidence. His affability and fairness went far with the trustful red men.

The meeting was a memorable one. Peguis, the Salteaux chief, made a very sensible speech, and the Assiniboine chief claimed his lordship as a true friend. The result of that meeting was that Peguis was one of the signatories to the treaty by which the Indians released the lands from any claims which they might have had.

His friendliness and his aid were appreciated and recognized, and the chief proudly carried about with him a letter from Lord Selkirk testifying to his great services. This was supported later by a letter written by Sir George Simpson on a square of buffalo hide.

Peguis was given a small pension by the Hudson's Bay Company.

A town in Manitoba was named Peguis, but for some unknown reason was changed later to Gilolo.

By a strange paradox, the name of this protector of his weaker fellow men, Peguis, or Pegowis, signifies "destroyer." He died in 1864.

This monument was erected owing to the efforts of the Lord Selkirk Association of Rupert's Land, Sheriff Colin Inkster being specially identified with the work. The Hudson's Bay Company also donated to the fund. It was unveiled on May 24th, 1924.

The following is the inscription on the monument: "In memory of Peguis, chief of the Salteaux Indians, and in grateful recognition of his good offices to the early settlers. One of the first converts to Christianity of his race; he died in 1864 and his body rests in the old cemetery of St. Peter's church, near Selkirk, where he was a devout worshipper."

"Peguis has been a steady friend of the settlement ever since its establishment, and has never deserted its cause in its greatest revolutions."—*Lord Selkirk, 1817.*

The Beaver
A Journal of Progress

Published monthly by the Hudson's Bay Company for their Employees; Copyright No. 1, Serial No. 10, January 22, 1924, by Hudson's Bay Company; Subscription Price for those not in the service, One Dollar a Year. Address communications to Robert Watson, Editor *The Beaver*, 79 Main St., Winnipeg, Canada.

Vol. IV AUGUST 1924 No. 11

British Columbia Posts

No. 7—McDame's Creek Post

By C. H. FRENCH and WM. WARE, British Columbia District

ESTABLISHED by Silvester in 1872 when mining excitement was in full swing and purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1875 when mining was considered over. Situated on Dease river 75 miles north of Dease lake at mouth of McDame's creek, which creek was named after the miner (a negro) who first located placer gold on it. Sometimes called Silvester's landing. Population: Indians, 105, whites, 10. Its industries are trapping and mining. It is the most active mining camp in Cassair to-day.

Owing to its geographical situation, it is destined some day to become prominent. North and south travellers, whites as well as Indians, find it necessary to pass through it. Perry, on his famous Edmonton to Dawson trip in 1898, crossed Dease river at this point.

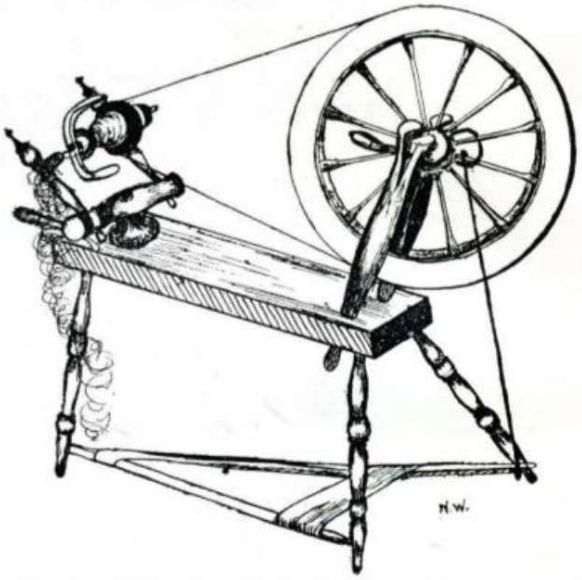
In spite of its northern latitude, there are numerous valleys where snow is never over six inches deep, and the Company has let horses run outside all winter, depending solely on their own efforts for sustenance.

The Spinning Wheel

Item No. 1688 recently added to the Company's Historical Exhibit at Winnipeg

THE spinning wheel shown in the accompanying sketch was made in Kildonan about 1835 by Hugh Matheson for Mrs. Robert McBeth, who, it is said, was the first white woman born in the Red River settlement, of which Kildonan was a part.

In 1812 there arrived in Red River twenty-one sheep (seventeen ewes and four rams) which Lord Selkirk had sent out with the settlers. Fifteen years later sheep became quite numerous in the settlement and soon spinning in the settlers' homes became general, resulting in a great improvement in the domestic life of the little colony.



Spinning wheels and hand looms were made in the settlement.

Sheeps' wool was washed with soap in six or more changes of water. It was then dried and picked by hand and carded into rollicks (light rolls of wool about an inch in diameter). The rollicks were fed by hand into the perl or bobbin of the spinning wheel and twisted as they were fed. This made the yarn and wound it on to the perl or bobbin.

The spinning wheel is merely an apparatus to turn the bobbin rapidly, thus winding and twisting the yarn without loss of time. The bobbin holds about one pound of yarn. The wheel is operated by foot in the same manner as one works a sewing machine. The single strand of yarn produced is then ready for the loom, in which it can be woven into cloth or blankets. The cord by which the wheel turns the bobbin was usually a piece of candlewick. If required for knitting, two bobbins of yarn were taken and the two strands twisted and wound onto another bobbin by means of the spinning wheel. Girls were taught to card the wool and spin at a very early age, some being able to do so at seven years.

In 1822 a project for the spinning of buffalo wool was started and operatives and plant were brought out to Red River. Lady Selkirk sought to interest British weavers in the possibilities of the buffalo shawl as an article of commerce, but the undertaking was badly managed and collapsed in 1825. It is probable that some buffalo wool was used on the earliest spinning wheels in the settlement.

Bungay and Others

By DR. JOHN MACLEAN

THE history of the origin and growth of the place-names of a country, and the names of clans, tribes, and races of people, is a fascinating study, as the prospector in the region of language travels with the zest of an explorer or a seeker after gold, and when he has made a discovery his soul is filled with the great joy of possession. There are lost names and vagrants of language on the western continent, and words which travel as strangers into unknown parts where they do not belong.

One of these haunting names, persistent and unrecognized, is *Bungay*, which has a strange history of its own, and I have been chasing it as a western hunter for more than forty years. This word and others native to the west have wandered into far-away places, where they have been caught by travellers, and when found again have been so disfigured by various kinds of spelling as to be hard to recognize. Backward over more than one hundred and twenty years *Bungay* has been applied to the Ojibways on the lakes and prairies of the west, especially to the Ojibways of Manitoba, being used by missionaries, Hudson's Bay traders, and settlers when speaking of these people. In the Poplar river and Island lake districts the word is used among the Indians and applied to themselves. *Bungay* is a common term for the Saulteaux Indians, being constantly employed by white people, the Salteaux of Rolling river in Manitoba and other parts of the province being called by that name as if it were a tribal name or had some special significance. However, it is nothing more than a nickname, the repetition of a word used by some of the natives. *Bungay* is a corrupt Cree word, from *Pungey*, meaning "a little," and is uttered by Indians when they are hungry and are begging for something to eat, as "Give me a little." White people, hearing it so often from the lips of the natives, have applied it to them as a common name, but it has no application to any special tribe.

Far better is it to keep the Indian names adapted to English pronunciation for important places on the western continent than to translate them; wherein they lose their historical value, and the sweet, euphonious and inspiring words are lost to our common speech and we have in their place undignified terms without any meaning and unworthy of such exaltation. How much better is Assiniboine river than its translation, Stoney Indian river? Here are a few samples of place-names in the native tongue, some of them corrupt because of the need of adaptation to our mode and power of pronunciation: Chicago is "the place of the skunks," or "Skunk river"; Wascana sounds sweeter than its meaning, "pile of bones"; Winnipeg is more dignified than "the sea," or "turbid water town"; Milwaukee is a better name than "good land," or "Goodland

city"; and Manitoba is preferable to "The Spirit of the Narrows," or some equivalent translation.

Turn the shield and note the effect in English words for the beautiful Indian names, as Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Rapid City; and how much better is Spitzi (pronounced Spitzee) than Highwood or High river? Far and near are beautiful names from American Indian languages, as Ontario, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, and, dotting the map, are great words clinging to the centuries and ever growing more memorable with the passing of the years. It is no wonder that the average reader is led astray through varied customs and modes of thought, as it requires some years' residence among a native tribe to put oneself in his place, think as the Indian thinks, and judge things from his standpoint. Nearly forty years ago the writer stopped at a log building near the crossing of Sheep creek, Alberta, where a post office had been just opened under the name Okotoks. The postmaster was an old prospector named McMillan; the crowd had evidently been discussing the name, and my old friend appealed to me. I stated that there was not such a word in the Blackfoot language. The man who had sent the name to the officials at Ottawa said that he had heard the natives use it and, not being anxious to enter into any controversy, I replied quietly that no doubt he thought that he had heard it, but that his ear was not acute enough to catch the guttural. What the Indian said was Ochkotokists, meaning rocks, referring to the large boulders at the crossing of the stream, and, while the white folks call it Sheep creek, the Blackfoot name is *Ockotoketuchta* (Stoney river). A similar difficulty appears in the reports of the Indian department, where the clans or bands are named after the chiefs, as Medicine Calf's band, while the natives have definite and descriptive names, as "The Tall Men," "Fish Eaters," and "Sweaty Feet."

The Saulteaux is a name applied to the Ojibways of Manitoba and the west, and the dialect is a mixture of the Cree and Ojibway languages. Early travellers, missionaries and writers on the Indians have spelled the word in various ways, as *Sauteurs*, *Salteurs*, *Seauteaurs*, and other forms. An old missionary, who had come in contact with them and had laboured several years among the Crees, informed the writer that *Saulteaux* is a French word meaning jumpers and was given by the French to the Ojibways at Sault Ste. Marie, who jumped the rapids in their canoes, and this seems to be the opinion accepted in general. However, in the *Jesuit Relation of 1671*, Father Dablon says, "A part of those who call themselves *Salteurs* (Chippewa) possessed lands on the mainland," evidently in the region of Lake Superior, and Le Sueur in 1700 mentions the *Saugiesta* as about the Lake Superior region, and this tribe is thought to be the Saulteaux. These Ojibways were a timber people and, as they travelled southward into Minnesota and westward into Manitoba, becoming a barrier against their inveterate enemies, the Sioux, and the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company often visited them, and they were called Saulteaux, it is more probable

that their name is "The People from the Sault," as their original home, rather than the insignificant and undignified title of "jumpers."

Metis is another and better name than half-breed, used so frequently in the west for persons of mixed blood. The mixed races of Mexico, mostly composed of the descendants of the Europeans and the original tribes, are called Metis or Mestizos; the French half-breeds of the west were called Coureur des Bois (wood runners) and Bois Brule (wood burners), the latter a nickname which they apparently gave themselves, as they were proud of their burned-wood hue of skin, but Metis is a more correct term for persons of mixed blood, as some of these folks have more white blood and may be only quarter breeds.

In the province of Ontario, the terms Metis and half-breed are never used, although there are persons of that class living. Some with a slight taint of Indian blood are spoken of as Indians, and are included with them in government reports; there are those who find good situations in the towns and cities and are not known as other than white people, while others live on the reservations and are known as Indians, and among these are native chiefs and individuals who have won fame in the ranks of literature.

Among the Metis there are several classes, each distinct and with its own characteristics. The French Metis are a happy group, singing through the day, careless and free, feasting and fasting, very religious and devout. The English Metis are progressive, providing well for the family, giving the children a good education, sending the sons to college if possible, some of whom return as graduates of Oxford or Cambridge university. The Scotch Metis are serious, sturdy and good workers; the father is master in his own house, and the children must not only learn the English language, but also be of the father's religion. There are few Irish Metis, and these bear strong marks of their descent from the Isle of Saints; the German Metis is a low type; and the negro Metis the lowest type of all. Representatives of these different groups have been met by the writer, and these are the impressions received through contact with them.

The French Metis of Manitoba are related to the half-breed families of Detroit, Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie, as mixed unions were frequent from the last decades of the seventeenth century and, with the native instinct, these moved away from the settlements as population came from the east, and this tendency is still apparent wherever towns and cities spring up in the west. Westward they travelled, and toward the north, ever carrying the deep religious convictions inwrought by the teaching and influence of the early missionaries, thus helping the founders of the churches on the Red river.

By close association with the pioneers and dwellers in the wigwams and lodges and keeping an open mind, the misconceptions of the years regarding native peoples are removed, and a higher appreciation of them dwells in our minds. Men are men the world over, and we are all of one kin.

Tea Cultivation and Picking

By EDWARD H. HUGHES, Winnipeg Wholesale

THE tea plantations of India, Ceylon and Java differ from those of other countries. It is simply the difference between the old-fashioned methods of conservative people and the progressive nation of manufacturers. The tea estates of Ceylon and India are chiefly owned and operated by British stock companies, whose capital is unlimited for the purpose of development, and the plantations are laid out and operated in a large way. After the land has been selected and cleared, the shrubs are planted in rows about four feet apart. These rows usually run as straight across the gardens as the nature of the surface will allow, leaving room for the bushing out of the plants when grown and sufficient space for the cultivators and pickers to work. After the shrubs have been transplanted, they remain untouched for about one year, the soil around the roots in the meantime receiving careful attention in the matter of hoeing, weeding and irrigation. At the age of about eighteen months the plants are usually strong enough to have their branches pruned, which causes the shrub to bush out and prevents it from growing too high, thus enabling the pickers to pluck its topmost shoots. After a period of from two to three years, the bushes are strong and old enough for plucking, and usually in the month of April the plucking commences.

The method of plucking is to remove the three topmost leaves of each shoot or twig, the other leaves being left on the bushes, excepting when the planters resort to coarse plucking, when the fourth or fifth leaf is also picked. In Ceylon between twenty-five and thirty pluckings are annually obtained, owing to the favourable climatic conditions which prevail. India generally plucks from fifteen to twenty times from the bushes, gardens or estates favourably located as to climate and moisture obtaining the larger number. The system of plucking both in Java and India is the result of care in encouraging productiveness and preserving the vigour of the bushes;

Picking the Tea Leaves

seeing that no injury shall occur to the plants during plucking. Female labour only is employed in the process of plucking. If fine and medium grades are wanted, the twig with the end-bud and the next two delicate leaves attached is taken, and this shoot or twig, with its two leaves and end leaf-bud appending, is generally known in the tea countries as a "two and a bud." When coarse teas are required, orders are given to pluck the shoot below the third leaf, which gives three leaves and a bud. As the pickers proceed they deposit the shoots in the "tukri," a large picking basket about three feet in depth. This is slung over the shoulders of the picker. Tight pressing or jamming of the leaves into the basket is carefully avoided, as this results in over-heating, and produces after-wilting, and inferior quality called "red-leaf."

Plant Cultivation

The plucking of the twigs from the shrub does no material damage, and nature steps in to repair the slight infliction. In a few days another sprig is ready for plucking. In Ceylon, Java and India "first flush" teas, as the early pickings are known, are usually inferior to flushes of later months.

Only one leaf from each stalk is removed by the Chinese in tea plucking; so that an experienced picker gathers only about ten pounds per day.

In Japan, as in China, three pickings are made annually. The first crop of April or early May produces Japan's highest grade teas, of which a large proportion is retained for home consumption. The second crop or picking is made from four to six weeks after the first. This is usually heavy and constitutes the bulk of teas for export. The third crop is garnered in July or August, unless the second crop produces sufficient medium and low-grade teas to supply the foreign and domestic demand.

In Ceylon, the cultivation of the plant and the picking process is carried on in much the same system as in India, but owing to the sub-tropical climate and superior conditions of soil, more pluckings are obtained than in India. The plucking season in Ceylon never ceases, except during the "pruning" months, which prevents the branches flushing.

The plants "flush" weekly, that is, put forth new shoots about one week after the plucking of the previous "flush" or shoot. The terms "picking" and "plucking" are, practically speaking, synonymous, but each word correctly describes the method of operation: one plucks a twig or picks a leaf. A tea garden, with careful treatment, will continue to yield for from ten to twelve years. It is then replaced with younger shrubs.

Early Explorations of H.B.C.

Hendry Penetrates Inland to the Country of the Blackfeet, 1754-1755

By J. PREST, Associate Editor, Edmonton

DURING the period 1754-5, many rival French free traders, who did not recognize the rights granted the Hudson's Bay Company in the charter given by King Charles in 1670, were establishing temporary trading posts inland to intercept various tribes of Indians coming to York Factory on Hudson Bay to trade their furs. There were none of the Company's men venturesome enough to go inland and establish H.B.C. forts to meet this competition until the year 1754, when a young apprentice clerk arrived from England, one Anthony Hendry, a native of the Isle of Wight, who had come to Canada to escape the *strong arm* of the English law for smuggling. Hendry was therefore naturally of an adventuresome disposition and, after a few months stationed at York Factory (the Company's headquarters at that time, and under the disposition of Governor James Isham), he volunteered to go inland with a return party of Assiniboine Indians (or Stoneys, as they are now called) who had recently arrived from the plains of Saskatchewan and Alberta with valuable furs. The party numbered 400 or more, and they had journeyed via the Saskatchewan and Hayes rivers heavily laden with beaver and other pelts much sought after by the fur trader. This tribe at least had eluded the crafty French traders and the potent rum and brandy which was so liberally dispensed in return for the season's catch.

On June 25th, 1754, Hendry set off with this western tribe of Stoneys for their own country up the Hayes river, thence up the Fire Steel river, Wood Partridge river, up one of the branches of the Nelson river and then they entered the Saskatchewan river, on whose broad waters they would be carried westward. After paddling 14 miles up this latter waterway, they came to a French trader's post. Two Frenchmen came down to the river bank and in a very civil manner invited Hendry into the fort, an invitation which was accepted. He was asked his mission and politely told them that he was going inland to view the country, carefully avoiding the real truth—that he was bent on intercepting the Indians and inviting their trade to the Hudson's Bay Company. The French traders endeavoured to use force in stopping him from continuing his journey inland, but, knowing he was overwhelmingly stronger in numbers, Hendry returned to his camp and, after consulting with Chief Little Bear, his leader, they decided to move on without delay. Hendry was at the Pas on the Saskatchewan. At daybreak the canoes of the 400 Assiniboines were again launched and headed up the river for sixteen miles. They then passed the Peotago river and ascended southward, through a country heavily timbered, into the province of what is now Manitoba. Canoes were abandoned and the journey continued on foot, heading westward across the plains. The Indians were by this time almost on the verge

of starvation, for neither bird nor beast was seen for at least seventy miles from where they left the Saskatchewan. Here the country was more wooded and soon great droves of moose and countless numbers of deer were seen. It was not long before the whole tribe was feasting and making merry from the spoils of the chase. The next few days were spent in making pemmican and storing up supplies for the continuation of the journey inland. Many other tribes were met as they advanced, but they were all partisans of the French traders and could not be induced by Hendry to take their furs to the shore of Hudson Bay, where the Company was operating its posts. An average of ten miles a day was made, hunting as they went. On August 8th, 1754, they reached what is now the Red Deer river, and a day was spent in feasting and dancing—a festival of rejoicing on the safe return from their long journey. The advance was then continued southwestward, and on August 15th Hendry reports having seen the plains black as far as the eye could reach with bison (or buffalo). The Assiniboines soon pitched camp and set out with bow and arrow to bring down as many buffalo as they could before the herd took fright. Hendry records in his notes the wonderful skill the Indians possessed in bringing down these huge, cumbersome beasts with no other weapon more formidable than the bow and arrow.

On September 17th, the Assiniboines reached the south branch of the Saskatchewan where it takes the bend south of the Prince Albert of to-day. Rough boats were constructed of willow branches covered with moose skins and they rafted safely across to the south side. They then turned westward, and on October 11th came into contact with the Blackfeet, seen for the first time by an English trader in their own territory. To Hendry's amazement, these western Indians were mounted on small shaggy horses. These had no doubt been traded from tribes to the south, who had likewise traded them from Spaniards and Mexicans of the southwest, who were known to possess horses at that time. The camp comprised about 500 tepees in two long parallel lines. Presents were given by Hendry to the principal Blackfeet chiefs, and they were promised guns and shot and powder if they would trade their furs with the Company's posts on Hudson Bay, but little encouragement was met with. The chief replied that they never lacked for food, as they followed the buffalo; neither could they paddle canoes on the deep waters. Later, Hendry learned that the Assiniboines acted as middlemen between the Blackfeet and the white traders and did not want them to do their own trading.

Preparations were then made for wintering, the whole tribe of Assiniboines leaving the plains for the wooded country to the north. According to calculations as to the latitude entered in Hendry's journey, he must have wintered in the region between the modern Edmonton and Battleford of to-day, eight hundred miles from his starting point on the shores of Hudson Bay. Here with occasional moves the Indians hunted and stored up furs for the return trip to the bay the following spring.

Hendry's journey back will be recorded in an early issue of The Beaver.

An Old Country Trip

By A. C. SWINDELL, Land Department

AFTER an absence of twenty-one years, I looked for many changes, mostly for the worse from what one could gather from the papers. I was pleasantly surprised, however. The young men and women were much better dressed than formerly; the boys all wore boots and stockings, when heretofore, they would be barefooted. Another thing which struck me was the great decrease in drunkenness. I did not see a man of whom it could be said he was the worse for liquor. I don't know what the unemployment question is like elsewhere, but the Midlands seemed to be no worse off than it used to be. The tight little island is as beautiful as ever. Travelling as I did in the early summer, I saw the hedges white with May blossom. There has been quite a development throughout the country in the poultry business, and I hear it is not likely to be overdone yet. Travelling is rather more expensive than formerly, but one can select an excursion day almost to anywhere when it will not cost more than in by-gone years. And how quietly the trains seem to glide through the country, drawing up at a big or little station without any fuss or palaver. Char-a-bancs connect the most ungetatable places with big towns. Ford cars seem to be used chiefly as delivery trucks. The little English cars look like mere models, but they seem to be able to climb the steepest gradients. From the top of a hill I peeped into a valley in Worcestershire and saw some hop yards looking the very acme of neatness.

No, I did not go to Wembley, so someone else must write to *The Beaver* about that.

On the return trip we had with us a very distinguished personage in Lord Haig. He was going to St. Johns, Newfoundland, to open a war memorial. We approached the rugged coast very early on a Sunday morning. The pilot took us in through a narrow gorge between huge cliffs that seemed to close in on us. The sun was shining and on entering the harbour a lovely sight met our eyes—the city, like a picture, spreading out on the hills around, with its beauty enhanced by the soft pealing of the church bells.

The *Metagama* was at the far end of the harbour, looking very sick, with a fearful list on her. The steamer which collided with her was also there, but she looked little the worse for the impact. Three U.S.A. destroyers were in the harbour, also the *H.M.S. Constance*. A pinnace took Lord Haig over to the mother ship and from there to the quay, where we could see a guard of honour lined up, bayonets glittering in the sun.

On his lordship's arrival a salute of nineteen guns was given. St. Johns was in gala attire and every rowing and motor boat was moving in the harbour. By ten in the morning, we safely made the narrow entrance, feeling pleased indeed to have seen St. Johns under such pleasing conditions.

Otto the Cripple

By C. HARDING, District Manager York Factory

OUT on the Arctic coast facing the Beaufort sea, in a storm-swept region where the winter lasts for nine months and the sun disappears for sixty days, where the land is not discernible, being ice and snow-coated, and the sea is frozen and never free of ice, here lives Otto the Cripple with his wife, Sunshine. These names seem out of place with the surroundings, where a man is known by the strength of his limbs and power of endurance and where the sun rarely shines—cold and desolation being all around. However, here Otto built his cabin at Stoakes point on the mainland, seventeen miles from Herschel island. The writer, while travelling along the coast, touched at this place and was hospitably treated by these two humble Eskimos, who apparently find joy and happiness in this desolate region. Their cabin is small, and with a stoop one gets in and finds warmth and comfort compared with the awfulness of the outside. A small sheet-iron stove, burning wood, diffuses a congenial heat, much appreciated. Otto being a hunter, we see white foxes hanging about, while others recently caught are on stretchers. Sunshine attends to all the work in the cabin; the evidence of Otto's work is for the most part outside. On a large staging we see a number of seals, pokes of seal oil, a green polar bear skin and other miscellaneous articles, out of reach of the six wolf-dogs which are chained to roots or stumps. Considerable driftwood is strewn along the beach and a quantity is piled up at the door for fuel, for there are times when the mighty blizzard is blowing and no one dares venture out; then lucky is the man who has fire and food to carry him over this period. With handshakes, we continue our journey, thankful for the hospitality of these kind souls.

The distribution of heaven's beneficence is mysterious. Here we have (from our point) people living an uncertain existence under great hardships, whilst elsewhere others are lolling in the lap of luxury. Poverty and riches, suffering and health, brains and ignorance! One stops to wonder why the gifts of nature should be so unevenly shared.

Indian Picture Writing and Sculpture

Interest has been aroused by the discovery of prehistoric Indian picture writing and Indian sculpture on rocks, also ancient pottery, graves and earthwork, and, in order to have a proper record and proper preservation made, an appeal is sent out by the Dominion archaeologist at Ottawa to all men of the Hudson's Bay Company who are touching distant and unfrequented points in Canada to record carefully the location of any painted picture writing or sculptured rocks that may come under their observation, and to make a full report of same which could be followed by others; for example: "About four feet above highwater mark on north side of river.....about one mile below the third rapids below lake..... or town.....or river mouth.....and easily seen for.....feet or not easily seen" (as the case may be). The more accurate the given location the better, but even clues or rumours will be welcome. Each informant is requested to give his name and address, so that due credit may be given him in government records for his discovery.

The Jubilee of the Mounted

By REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A., D.D., Vancouver, B.C.
Author of "Policing the Plains," etc.

THE relationship between the Hudson's Bay Company and the mounted police has been so close and so vital for fifty years that it would be improper for *The Beaver* not to have some notice of the jubilee of the famous riders of the plains. So, when the editor suggested that I might send in a contribution on the subject, I at once took up my pencil to comply. Hence this brief sketch.

There is a sense in which the relationship above referred to began before the mounted police force existed. For when Captain W. F. (later Sir William) Butler was sent out by the government in 1870 to study conditions on the plains and suggest some way of keeping this vast territory in a condition of law and order, it was from the Hudson's Bay posts and the Hudson's Bay men that he got most of his information. Men like Lawrence Clark, of Fort Carleton, impressed on Butler the necessity for some active force to police the plains. It was a kind of interregnum time. The Hudson's Bay Company, having sold out its charter rights to the Canadian government, had no longer any authority to enforce the laws of the land. And the Canadian government had not taken steps as yet to assert its power in the new territory. In consequence, things were in a state of confusion and Lawrence Clark, the alert Hudson's Bay officer at Fort Carleton above mentioned, told Captain Butler that "both traders and Indians were learning the dangerous lesson that the queen's laws could be disregarded with impunity." It was on account of testimonies like this that Butler, after months of travel over the Northwest Territory, reported to Governor Archibald of Manitoba that a "mobile force" should be formed, not "in garrisons or forts" but able easily to move over the country and bring about peace and order. This led to the organization of the famous body of men called the Northwest Mounted Police.

The formation of this force was Canada's answer to the maxim of many new countries that "a frontier will always be lawless and there is no use in trying to make it peaceful." Canada replied to that sort of historical fallacy by the challenge of organizing the mounted police and telling men generally that Canada's new frontiers in the northwest were going to be law abiding. It was the boldest undertaking in history when Canada sent out 300 men of the mounted police to maintain law and order in a vast area of 300,000 square miles from the Red river to the Rocky mountains and from the boundary lines to the north pole. But they were extraordinary men and they accomplished this stupendous task to the amazement and admiration of the world.

The other day I was at MacLeod in Alberta, where was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the mounted police at Old Man's River in that locality. The actual organization of the force by act of

parliament took place in 1872, and recruiting began in the east not long afterwards, but the definite and astonishing march westward by the 300 men took place in 1874, after half of that number had wintered by arrangement with the Hudson's Bay Company at Lower Fort Garry—the Stone Fort, as we used to call it. Incidentally, it is good to know that modern vandalism has not laid a destructive hand upon this historic fort, which will be screened in the film of a book called "Policing the Plains."

The jubilee celebration at MacLeod brought together many old-timers and two of the men, Colonel James Walker, of Calgary, and Captain Sir Cecil Denny, of Edmonton, who had ridden into that region fifty years ago, rode gallantly at the head of the procession in 1924 and received much applause from the 15,000 people who had come from many places to this notable half-century celebration.

MacLeod, of course, is called after Col. James Farquharson MacLeod, who was second-in-command of the force in 1874, and who remained in charge at Old Man's River when Colonel George French, the commissioner, took a detachment to Fort Pelly and thence to Dufferin that same year. Colonel MacLeod and his little detachment at Old Man's River in the fall of the year, without shelter for themselves and their horses, were in a dangerous position. The Indians of the district were amongst the most warlike and powerful of the tribes of the west, and the country was infested by outlaw whisky traders, horse thieves and cut-throats who, heavily armed and well established, resented the coming of the mounted police with their law and order programme. Yet, inside six weeks, Colonel MacLeod and his men had cleaned up the whole region, driven out the lawless whisky traders and had the Indians living in peace and quietness. Gunmen and desperadoes of all kinds vanished for other countries. They said "them blamed mounted police wouldn't give a man a chance in Canada." That was good testimony, and the mounted police have steadily maintained that reputation. They gave the outlaw and the desperado and the killer "no chance" in Canada. The police never have been gunmen themselves, but their determined bearing and cool courage frightened the gunmen out of the country.

In the Yukon gold-rush days when, as Superintendent Constantine said, the country was invaded by "the sweepings of the slums and the result of a general gaol delivery from the south," the tough element found that the mounted police would stand no nonsense. These disorderly characters had to behave themselves or get out of the country in short order. The story of the mounted police is filled with the ideals of heroism and devotion to duty. Whether on the heated plains of the summertime or the snow and cold of the Arctic winter, they went steadily on their way, silently but effectively policing the world's widest frontier and making the peaceful settlement of the great northwest of Canada possible. When we think of all they have done so unostentatiously, we shall come to the salute in honour of these gallant men in the old uniform of scarlet and gold.

The Late James Payne

(H.B.C. Gold Medallist)

By S. H. PARSONS, Cartwright Post

ON June 15th, 1923, our old faithful servant, James Payne, who for almost fifty years was attached to the staff of Cartwright post, passed to his rest. James Payne was born at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, on February 16th, 1848, and entered the service about the time the Company purchased Cartwright from A. B. Hunt & Company in 1873.

For many years the Company controlled the whole trade of Sandwich Bay, and of course "Jimmy" was master on the wharf, accepting or rejecting salmon which did not come up to H.B.C. quality. His judgment was final. Any unfortunate fisherman who did not succeed in reaching the post and having his salmon discharged before six o'clock would invariably receive a good dressing down from Jimmy, who did not stop to ask questions about tide or wind, but just opened up his "address."

In those not so very far off days there were no motor boats here. Later when competition, motor boats and other changes came about, Jimmy was reluctantly compelled to revise the wording of his *addresses*, but occasionally he would break forth in the good old style, resulting in so far offending the customer concerned (who would perhaps be an independent planter) that we would have some difficulty in smoothing the affair over. Jimmy was nevertheless well liked generally, and because he was straight as a line to customer and Company his little faults were overlooked and charged against "old school" account.

At the Company's 250th anniversary, he was decorated with his gold medal and three bars, of which he was immensely proud. He would wear it on all "state occasions" and on special Sundays. Jimmy was rather a little man, but on these occasions he was large. Someone remarked to him once, "You seem very proud of your medal"; to which he replied, "And why shouldn't I be when it denotes a badge for faithful service rendered and handed down to me from royalty?" The writer, having no medal except a pinched one of bronze, always appeared envious of such a treasure when the old man would start talking medal and so he would save himself the unpleasantness of openly being called an upstart. Every person in this bay has seen and heard of Mr. Payne's medal, and it was always a great pleasure to him to show it to visitors from the mail steamer, or indeed the aeroplane. I think he was sorry he couldn't take it with him to show to the old-timers who have gone before.

Jimmy was retired on a generous pension about the same time as he received his decoration. We thought he would be satisfied to sit in his corner and spend his remaining days something like this: Keep his diary

up. (He always kept a chart of barometer for each month and a diary of weather and general notes of local events.) Visit the cooper shop occasionally and tell the cooper how they made tierces when he was boss cooper, and make other criticisms until that patient man would likely have occasion to go to the store for rivets. Then a walk to the "room," a visit to the wharf and store, and maybe a call in at the office to hear the latest news.

But we were all wrong. Jimmy didn't mind loafing away the winter months, but we simply had to give him a job for the summer. So from May until October he was employed as usual in charge of affairs on the wharf, giving out salmon fishing gear in the spring, culling and packing salmon, checking freight, and receiving and checking fishing gear in the fall; which work he did very well indeed. His check of freight inward could be depended upon absolutely, and often the poor old chap would be kept on the job all night when large freights were being landed from the mail steamer. He would "hang out of it" till everything was secured and the stage locked, then bring his tally-board to the office. One would not blame him then recalling the good old days before prohibition, or telling of the man-sized drams Samson Dawe used to dish out in his day, and besides "it wouldn't be a bad idea anyway."

Jimmy was in charge of artillery. The old cannon was his pet; it was always loaded and ready for the arrival of the Company's ship. (I wonder did someone on board the *Bayeskimo* miss this part of the welcome last summer.) He seemed to be an integral part of the wharf. You couldn't approach it without his being on hand to catch the boat painter and make fast. But you had to be told to "hard up" or "down" from the ballast bed, no matter if you knew every rock in it, and in any case you were a "Kerryman" and not fit to handle a washtub.

He was as faithful to his church as to his employers, and was a regular church attender. He was churchwarden (ministers') and also lay reader. Rev. Henry Gordon thought a great deal of him, and felt his death very keenly. The Company's motor-boat was sent to Rigolet to bring along his son John (his only near relation, who was then bookkeeper there), but he arrived only a few hours after his father's death.

Although there was no doctor here, Mrs. Parsons, who was a nursing sister at St. John's (N.F.) hospital before she entered the fur trade, attended to him; but poor old Jimmy was "booked," and we were to lose our mascot. When he realized the end was near he requested me to make his will and otherwise attend to matters of church connection, *et cetera*, which he directed in a very business-like manner. After which he made this summing up of his life: "I can't remember having done anyone a bad turn. I've always tried to live a clean life and pay my way along, and may God forgive me all my sins."

And so James Payne died and was buried beside his wife (who died of "flu" in 1918) in Cartwright cemetery, wherein is Cartwright's monument, the great attraction of tourists and other visitors to Cartwright.

Peculiar Dog-Cart

Dogs

By C. H. FRENCH, British Columbia District

IT is common practice throughout British Columbia to use dogs as pack animals, and it is interesting to note the different ways they are worked west of the Rocky Mountains. A prospector can have all his belongings carried for him while he carries only his gun. In Alaska, and further north, little packing is done by dogs, but they are required to work during the summer months hitched to wagons. The accompanying illustration appealed to me as something unique. The part on which the driver rode or carried his belongings is made of two buggy wheels connected by a tongue with two bicycle wheels. The dogs, hitched between the sets, are steered by lines attached to the front set. The pulling of one or other line turns the wheels and forces the dogs to go in any required direction. Toboggans are rarely used in Alaska. A sleigh with steering handles takes its place, but in British Columbia, no doubt owing to H.B.C. custom, toboggans are in almost universal use. In the extreme north, single line hitching and fan hitching is in general use, and the number of dogs in a team is from ten to twenty, instead of from four to seven as in British Columbia.

Prospectors' Pack-Dog

Overcoming Delivery Difficulties

By THOMAS WILKINSON
Delivery Superintendent, Victoria Store

A DELIVERY system should be developed with three objects in view—speed, simplicity and economy. In the delivery department, where the merchandise is sorted and recorded, we find the neck of that great bottle known as the store, and to the extent that the neck is kept clean and clear of obstructions so will the flow of merchandise proceed freely outward to the waiting customer, who is the inexorable judge of the efficiency of the system. In the store, after the sale is made, half of the expense and worry has just begun—the goods may be lost or damaged, may go to the wrong address, the wrong goods may be sent, or go C.O.D. when they should be charged, the driver may be impolite when he delivers the parcel to the customer.

In reducing complaints from any delivery service, it is important to realize what kind of man or boy hands the goods to the customers, and how it is done. Too many stores feel that delivery service is rough work, and that rough men must be employed for it. Let us consider the subject from the angle of experiences in the training of drivers. A man may drive a truck or a horse-drawn vehicle and yet not be a deliveryman. Experience is the best teacher and the proper training of a driver begins when he is being hired for the job. The applicant should be quizzed as to his former delivery experience, his knowledge of the streets, and his ability to handle a truck or to handle horses, as the case may be. If the applicant measures up to the standard there should be a heart-to-heart talk between the employer and the applicant. One should endeavour to ascertain what the applicant's real reasons are for desiring to make a change, why he wants to enter the delivery game; why does it appeal to him; does he think he has any special qualifications for this sort of work. The employer should, in a general but thorough manner, explain to the applicant what his duties will be if engaged for the position for which he is applying.

When badly in need of a good, capable man and the applicant appears to be such a one, we sometimes hurriedly skip over the unpleasant features of the work and dwell at length upon the advantageous side of what we have to offer; then, when the stress of business presses and the heart-breaking work comes, this man will invariably sour, get sore, and finally balk. And when he does balk, it is usually at a time when we can least afford to have it happen, and he does it in a manner that frequently gums up the works.

Experience has taught us that it is good business policy just to reverse this process. We will find it advantageous to dwell somewhat at length upon the unpleasant features of the game; have a good working understanding, let the applicant know and realize what work will be expected

of him, the manner in which it shall be done, and what he must expect during busy periods. If he wants to quit then, all well and good; for he at least will not ditch you by bringing back three-fourths of his load undelivered while another is at the store ready to go out.

The driver at best is a much abused and much bedevilled individual. He is the buffer between the customer and the store. Whether right or wrong, the customer is always right; the driver always wrong—the salesperson promised the customer that the driver would make the delivery at a certain time. Here of course is an important point: the salesperson should make sure of the time and possibility before promising delivery. When the driver arrives at the customer's door with the parcel, he is often scolded for being late through no fault of his, and all he can do is to smile and bear it. When he returns to the store, naturally, he is in a frame of mind to resent anything that savours of unfairness.

The driver, after all, is but human. There is something within us that imbues us with certain traits and qualities, something that science does not consider seriously, because it is beyond science. This thing is the human soul. The outdoor, rough-weather life may make the driver coarse and bluff. Bad roads and traffic delays when loads are heavy may make him irritable and cranky, scoldings and cutting remarks by customers may get him using language, but with it all, if we get under his vest, we will find something there that rings true, something that will get results well worth going after if we go after it in the right way.

Can You Beat This One?

By LOUIS LAROCQUE, Athabasca District

IN the year 1868, before I took service with the Company, I was employed by the mission at Lac la Biche. In June of that year, with six other men, I went to Fort MacMurray to fetch freight for the mission. On the return trip, requiring fresh meat, one man was sent with a rifle to obtain, if possible, a moose. He managed to shoot a cow, but being only slightly wounded it escaped him. The remainder of the crew were lining a loaded York boat up the Athabasca river, and as we were proceeding along the base of a cut-bank, we were startled by a young moose rounding a corner in front of us and coming our way. One man who was present did not lose his head, but accepted the visitor as a heaven-sent subject for dinner. He was my brother-in-law, Deome Desjarlais, who is still living at Cold lake, Saskatchewan. Deome picked up a piece of rock that was at hand and without deliberate aim, landed it squarely on the moose's head. The animal dropped. It was only stunned, but willing hands held him down until he had been dispatched. Needless to say we called it a day, and it was not long before the moose had been cooked and nothing was left of him but a few bones.

News From Stores, Posts and Branches

Vancouver

POPULARITY OF READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS

It certainly seems as though the piece-goods business will have to take second place to ready-to-wear garments now that the price of ready-to-wear has so materially dropped. An instance of the popularity of ready-to-wear garments is shown in the fact that, since February 1st up till June 16th, our ready-to-wear department has sold 11,698 garments, including separate skirts, dresses, suits and coats, at prices averaging $2.50 up to $150 each. On the other hand of course, this may be a sign of the times, showing that women are either not getting satisfaction from their dressmakers or that they have other things to do than home dressmaking.

—

Mr. Gore, manager of our meat department, has left on a month's holidays, enjoying a motor trip to Yellowstone Park. It's to be hoped that the trip will prove a tremendous benefit to Mrs. Gore, who, we understand, has been in ill health for several months past.

—

SECOND FLOOR

E. Andrews left on July 25th for the east, where she will make extensive purchases for the approaching season.

Mrs. C. Young, of the millinery, spent a pleasant holiday on Vancouver island and renewing old acquaintances in the Victoria store.

—

THIRD FLOOR

Until the return of Miss Murdock, who is on summer vacation, Mrs. Grew will have charge of the library.

After making extensive purchases in Europe, Mr. Fraser, our china buyer, has returned.

Reggie Norman, after three-and-a-half years' service in the advertising, has been promoted to the music department. We wish him every success in his new position and welcome his follower, Victor Nunn.

GENERAL OFFICE GLEANINGS

It is with regret that we said farewell to S. Romanil, who left for San Francisco, but we wish her much success in her new field of activity. Her position has been filled by Mr. Drewitt, transferred from the fur trade department, whom we welcome among us.

B. Hyde, of the audit staff, is also leaving for the sunny south.

—

GENERAL

M. Nicholson, of the post office, has recently returned from a trip of real interest to the far north, travelling from Skagway right into the frozen fields of Carcross. She visited the old Hudson's Bay fort at Fort Simpson and many other historical points.

Mrs. A. Emmerson, of the elevator staff, has been confined to her home with a severe cold for some days, but we are all pleased to see her once more making the "ups and downs."

Nellie Durand, formerly a popular cashier in the store, who has been regaining her health in Tranquille sanatorium for the past few months, was pleasantly surprised recently by a visit from A. Taylor, of the Vancouver store, and Mr. and Mrs. Calderhead and Mr. Milne, of the Kamloops store.

A little bird has whispered to us that the grocery order girls are greatly interested in horse-back riding, and even contemplate purchasing some bronchos, but at present they are financially embarrassed. They hope, with the assistance of a member of the tube room, who is also a strong advocate of horseflesh, to start a training school of their own, which is to be run on profitable lines.

—

ANNUAL SPORT PICNIC

The Vancouver employees' picnic is to be held at Bowen island this year. Arriving at three o'clock we are immediately to plunge into an afternoon of sport. Events have been arranged for everyone

(there are fifteen scheduled for the afternoon's programme). In addition, there are races for children of all ages, races for men and women, an obstacle race, women's nail driving contest; mixed 3-legged race and putting the twelve-pound shot. For the evening a tug-of-war has been arranged, a quoit-pitching contest, and a five-inning baseball game. The necessary *eats* will be provided by Chef Knechtle, and we can be sure that they will be both excellent and plentiful. There will be dancing on the boat both going and coming, and a dance in the evening from six to eight o'clock on the island. If a real good time is not enjoyed by all, neither the Company nor the H.B.E.A. will be to blame. Come all!

—

SPORTS—CRICKET

This is the standing of the Vancouver Wednesday cricket league: 1, Auroras; 2, Hudson's Bay Company; 3, New Westminster; 4, Shellys; 5, Crown; 6, North Vancouver; 7, Public Schools; 8, Spencers.

By the above it can well be seen that the H.B.C. men are giving a good account of themselves. When it is remembered that this is our first year in the league and that many have not played for from five to ten years, then we may indeed say that the showing made by our club is excellent. Every game sees an improvement in form, and the team is rapidly becoming of championship calibre. The men who carry our green and gold caps to victory are: Capt. Rudston-Jardine, Abell, O'-Brien, Bennett, Cook, Clarke, Wainwright, Morris, Nutt, Hart, Wood, Ruffelle, Honiball, Wilson and Hurley. We are confident the end of the season will see us at the top of the league.

"I want a pair of flannel trousers for my husband," said a customer over the phone the other day. "What size, please?" "Oh, I don't just know, but he takes a 15½ collar."

Heard in the drapery workroom:

"There's a customer outside wants a bally ass. What shall I tell her?"

"Why, its a paillasse she wants—a mattress, you know. Upstairs—fourth floor."

Victoria

FAREWELL AND PRESENTATION TO A. R. MANN

An interesting ceremony took place on a recent Saturday evening, when A. R. Mann, who has taken over the management of the drug department of the Vancouver store, was the recipient of a handsome piece of upholstered furniture presented to him by the Victoria store staff as a token of kindly feeling and good wishes in his new position. A. J. Watson, store manager, in making the presentation, congratulated Mr. Mann upon his promotion and wished him every success.

In voicing his appreciation and thanks, Mr. Mann expressed regret that he was leaving Victoria and the many friends he had made at the store. There was not a day, he said, in the past two or three years that he had not enjoyed his work here. He hoped that any of his Victoria friends who happened to be in Vancouver would not fail to look him up.

Before the gathering dispersed, Mr. Mann was asked to accept on behalf of Mrs. Mann a lovely bouquet of flowers presented by the young ladies of the drug department.

—

We are glad to welcome A. R. Minnis to the family circle at Victoria. Mr. Minnis, who has already made numerous friends around the store, is now in charge of the drug department in place of A. R. Mann, recently appointed to the managership of the drug department at the Vancouver store.

Good luck and best wishes from all the Victoria staff go with Miss Knox and Miss Burke, who recently left department No. 1 to travel south.

Miss McDougal has gone south to California for a month's holiday.

Miss Francis Bayley and Mr. George Thompson were united in marriage on Thursday, June 19th. The ceremony took place at the home of Mrs. Patton, Rev. Dr. Campbell officiating. The house was artistically decorated with flowers and evergreens. Among the many beautiful gifts received were a handsome

dinner set from fellow employees at the store and a lovely white fox fur from the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will make their home in Victoria.

Congratulations to Miss Eden and Frank Evans, who joined forces on July 19th. Their many friends around the store wish them every happiness.

Congratulations as well to Charlie Freeguard, of the delivery department, who joined the noble order of benedicts on June 21st.

Cupid seems to have been busy with his arrows in department No. 6 and is evidently in pretty good shooting form. Good luck to you, Mary.

Not content with his conquest on the main floor, Cupid has been visiting the second and third floors as well. The engagement of Miss King, of the ready-to-wear section, has been announced, also that of Miss Stewart, of the mail order department.

—

STORE HUMOUR

Overheard on the second floor:

"What do you do, Edith, to make yourself so fat?"

"Why, nothing."

"Ah, that explains it, then."

—

PUTTING IT PLAINLY

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous decantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and voracious vivacity without rhodomontade or phrasmical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, ventriloquent vapidity. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly. Say what you mean, mean what you say, and *don't use big words.*

—

CRICKET

The trip to Duncan on July 1st for the annual cricket match between Victoria H.B.C. and Cowichan was a decided success, not just because it resulted in a win for the Bay, but for the reason that our Cowichan friends always prove splendid hosts. The party from Victoria comprised about twenty-five, and a good time was had by all.

—

FOOTBALL

That it's a small world was once again proved at a football match arranged between the pick of the Special Naval Squad and Victoria All Stars. Our own goal keeper, Percy Shrimpton, who was playing goal for the Victoria team, met an old school chum in one of the navy boys playing outside left for the navy team. It was on the school football field away back in 1901 in the south of England that these two players last met.

Kamloops

J. E. Andrews severed his connection with us on June 30th to go into business for himself.

A. Taylor, of the Vancouver store, is now acting-manager and has the sincere respect and co-operation of the staff.

F. Ricketts, of the tobacco department, is in Victoria on his holidays, where his infant son is undergoing an operation.

C. Sell is on two weeks' holidays.

Miss Barr, of the millinery department, is on her way to her home town in Ontario for a holiday.

Miss Littlewood, of the shoe department, spent the July holidays in Bellingham and Vancouver.

July days in Kamloops are indeed "dog days," the temperature sometimes being up to boiling point.

The Hudson's Bay delivery car was quite an attraction in the parade on July 1st.

Vernon

Our July sale started off with a good swing Friday, July 4th. We are out to beat last year's figures and results so far show every indication of our doing so.

Good news received from Ottawa: "Kamloops-Kelowna branch lines passed third reading of the senate." This new line, when built, will open up a vast agricultural area. It will tap large lumbering sections and provide a means of quicker and cheaper transportation for logs, railway ties and firewood, also enable people in outlying districts, who have not previously had the benefit of transportation except by auto and horse-driven vehicles, to now visit Vernon. This will mean more money spent in the city which previously has gone out to mail order houses. This applies more particularly to such districts as Grand Prairie, Falkland, Lumby, Cherryville, Trinity Valley, Shuswap and other smaller localities.

Vernon and district are suffering from the effects of the grasshopper plague, which has practically destroyed all small fruits and in some instances has stripped the trees of their leaves, eaten the fruit, leaving only the core. Grain and alfalfa crops have suffered tremendously. Poor old Masters was looking forward to a good crop of wheat this year in his back yard, but the grasshoppers have harvested it for him.

J. Beatty, buyer for our house furnishings department, is champion fisher. Sunday evening he took a boat containing two fair dames, two fishing lines and three spoons, and rowed across to the girls' summer camp to attend divine service. He returned to camp with two excited girls, both talking at the same time about the wonderful silver trout Beatty caught —weight three pounds each. Investigation proved them to be two squaw fish which even the cat refused to look at.

Owing to spending many week-ends at Okanagan lake, Miss Livingstone is fast becoming an expert swimmer and we are beginning to wonder what the attraction can be in that direction. Nothing but water?

Jack Beatty, of our hardware department, recently competed in the Congoleum window display contest and was awarded second prize, $50.00. This contest was held throughout Canada, and Mr. Beatty won the prize in the under 5,000 population class. Last year, Mr. Beatty won third prize and next year he is going after the first. Congratulations are in order.

Nelson

Alex. Clark, of the grocery department, has left for a holiday to his native country, Scotland. While away he expects to visit the great exhibition at Wembley, and many of the staff will anxiously await his return about October, so as to have a personal description, especially of the Canadian section.

One of our department managers, who was new to American expressions, asked some people who were wandering around the store if he could show them any goods. "No," was the reply, "we are just rubbering." Thereupon the said manager hurried for rubbers. In the general laugh that ensued, he was able to sell some goods, though not rubbers.

D. G. Lockyer, local auditor, from Vancouver, was with us for a week recently.

Holidays during the next few weeks will be the leading event. The return of the lucky ones with an account of their travels is always interesting.

W. Middleton, who has been night watchman at the store for a number of years, has retired to take an extended rest.

M. Scanlon, ready-to-wear department, has just returned from three weeks' vacation, spent in Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.

Seymour Hicks, the famous actor-manager, is credited with the saying that "Many a fellow is brought up at a public school, but many a better has been brought up at Bow street."

No news this month from Yorkton.

Calgary

EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE

The Calgary exhibition and stampede held July 7 to 12 broke all records for attendance, and the Hudson's Bay exhibit at the exhibition received very favourable comment from the huge crowd that attended.

There were two exhibits in the industrial building, one exhibiting furniture, ladies' lingerie and furs, and the fur exhibit was, without doubt, the finest display of furs ever seen in our windows. The other exhibit was a demonstrator and booth containing Hoover vacuum cleaners, Bluebird washing machines and McLagan phonographs.

The old trading post, the picture of which was published in last month's *Beaver*, was one of the features of the exhibition and attracted large crowds of visitors.

—

JULY SALE

The July sale opened Thursday, July 3rd, and continued through stampede week, July 7th to 12th. This week was particularly busy in the store, as there were hundreds of visitors in the city. One morning during exhibition week, the cowboys with their chuck wagon outfit raided the store, one adventurous puncher riding through the main floor aisles. They then proceeded to the offices and lassoed Messrs. Johnston, McCanse and Douglas. These gentlemen were politely roped and tied and *dragged* outside to have a flapjack breakfast. The news leaked out that Mr. McCanse had just returned from his honeymoon, so the boys immediately decided he should be branded. This was done with a very lukewarm iron.

—

A letter was received from George Salter, Montreal, formerly with the Company at Calgary. George has just completed a motor trip from Montreal to Chicago and reports travelling on an all-paved highway. Roads must be just the same as in Alberta, eh, George?

The swimming enthusiasts certainly did not get cold feet on Wednesday, July 16th, at Bowness Park, where they held their annual glove and hosiery picnic.

Mr. McCanse returned from his honeymoon looking two-thirds tame.

Congratulations to Mr. Wain on receiving his long-service medal.

Miss Cook, of the art needlework department, has left the store to get married. The Hudson's Bay store seems to be the happy hunting ground for prospective bridegrooms.

A Fox Trot

(*Ultra Modern*)

By A. BREMNER, Moose Factory

Wailing moans from a saxaphone;
Green, dull green of the sea;
Pink-striped, shrieking radiophone;
Riot running free.

Harmony unharmonised;
Graceful discords blending;
Music rushing on disguised
As callow youth a-spending.

Spending all Life's blissful youth
In a maddening search for truth.
Racing here, racing there;
Wasting precious hours, forsooth.

Eternal Springtime; dancing feet—
This the motif running through
The jangling discord, seeming sweet
As a maiden's eyes of blue.

Red and golden are the notes;
Red as the wine of life.
Red and golden are the notes;
Golden youthful life.

The saxaphone wails its note of gloom;
Saying, "For others you must make room.
Life does not last for long, and, oh!
With lagging grave-ward steps you'll go."

Still the bright refrain resounds,
"Lightly, lightly, tread the rounds."
Spring and Youth and Dancing Feet;
Come! Have pleasure while 'tis meet.

We can dance but an hour or two
Clothed in heliotrope and blue.
Life is ours, and life is sweet.
Spring and Youth and Dancing Feet.

Edmonton

H.B.C. AT EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE

The close co-operation and assistance given by H. G. Munro (general manager) to the stampede authorities helped materially in making the affair the great success it was. To lend the right atmosphere to the setting, an old-time Hudson's Bay trading post was erected of spruce logs, every detail in the construction being faithfully carried out. Inside the building, the H.B.C. had a magnificent display of Indian bead work and other curios, which were for sale. Other merchandise shown included Hudson's Bay point blankets, Imperial Mixture, canoes, hunters' and trappers' supplies.

The Hudson's Bay Company were also responsible for getting the services of 65 Indians from the Hobbema reserve to take part in the stampede events. The camp was under the supervision of Jack Prest (advertising manager) at the request of the city authorities and the Indians. Many thousands attended during the week and the old trading post did a roaring trade.

—

THE HIKING CRAZE

When reading in *The Beaver* Mr. Watson's interesting story of his recent visit to New York and Philadelphia, I could not help smiling when he described the modern flapper bedecked in hiking togs regardless of whether the shape of their ankles, calves or any other part of their figure could bear favourable scrutiny. I also wondered if New York was responsible for the hiking craze which has struck the West. Hiking parties are to be found everywhere along the woodland trails, and the strange part is that when all are thoroughly tired out and only able to crawl around, they pronounce the hike a huge success and arrange for more. This hiking craze has no doubt become the fashion not only because New York started it but because it is fashionable to do things by the rule of contrary. The modern flapper rides everywhere—to and from business, to lunch and when shopping—and if an automobile is not available it must be a street car, even though the distance may only be two or three blocks. Physicians freely predicted that the coming age of youth and beauty would suffer physically because of the lack of exercise. Now comes the refreshing hiking craze, which saves the day. Keep it up, girls; it's good for you.—*J. Prest.*

—

We were pleased to renew the acquaintance of Hattie Stephens, a former member of the staff for six years who left to reside in Los Angeles two years ago. Hattie, who is back on a visit to her parents, could hardly believe the changes which have taken place in the store since she left.

The following have returned from vacation, and all report an enjoyable

One of the H.B.C. Floats in Winnipeg's Jubilee Parade

time. Misses Keyes, Fader, Daignault, Albers and Messrs. Cuthbertson, Willison, McFarlane, Harris, Penny and Cook.

Walter Stephens has returned from camp, where he spent his vacation preparing for the next war.

Vinnie Cox, assistant to Mr. Ballard, of the fancy goods section, returned from two weeks' vacation spent with friends in the country.

—

THROWN FROM HORSE

John Prest, advertising manager of the Hudson's Bay Company here, who met with a serious accident last Friday, narrowly escaping a fractured skull, was reported to be recovering satisfactorily tonight. While out riding his horse shied and threw him to the pavement.—*Winnipeg Free Press, July 22.*

—

SPORT—BASKET BALL

The Hudson's Bay Company's Edmonton ladies' basket-ball team has up to the present time given a good account of itself. This team is one of the most popular in the league and is known to the sporting public of the province of Alberta as the "Bay Fur Trappers." Up to the present time they have played eight games, winning on seven occasions. In their first appearance of the season they defeated Clover Bar 15 to 2. McRae and McEwen starred in this game for the Trappers.

The second league game was against Revillions, who were snowed under by a 32-to-5 score. Those more prominent in this victory were the two forwards, Jean Robertson and Vera Gillespie.

The third opposition were the Legalites, who are known as the lawyers. Again the Trappers had it all their own way, winning by a 19-to-7 score. In this game McRae, Robertson, Gillespie, McEwen and Davis showed up splendidly.

Victim number four was one of the strongest teams in the league, the Morris B. But on this occasion the Trappers had a decidedly "on" night and everything seemed to go right. The forwards, Robertson and Gillespie, with McRae at centre, fattened up their averages greatly, while the reliefs, Stong and Buckles, did their share. The final score in this game was: Bay, 34; Morris, 7.

The first team that lowered the green and gold standard was the Morris A, and they accomplished the trick by holding the store girls to a 16-to-6 score.

This ended the first half of the season and landed the Bay girls in second place. Starting the thing all over again, the girls for the second time defeated Clover Bar, this time 19 to 2, the defence of McEwen and Semple being too much for the opposition sharpshooters.

Revillions came next and, although strengthened since the first meeting, they could not stand up against the Trappers. Myrtle Stong, one of the store's forwards, played guard for the team and was the outstanding star of the game. Although the forwards were away "off," the defence held tight and set a league record by holding the opposition scoreless. Credit for this goes to Stong and Semple, regular guards, and the relief couple of Bryant and Davis.

The next opposition was the Legalites, but this team forfeited the game to the Trappers and so the score reads 2 to 0.

With only two more league games to play, it looks very much like a battle to the last game for the championship, with the Morris A team on top and the Bay second. The remaining two battles are against the Morris teams and the Trappers must win both to tie up the league.

Closer statistics show that we have won seven games and lost one, having scored 138 points to 39.

Etheleen McEwen, star defence player of the Trappers, has left for the coast and is residing in Vancouver. She certainly is missed, having played wonderful basket ball during the whole season, with special distinction in the Morris A game.

Freda Buckles has left the team as she is now holidaying, but she will be back in time for the last game of the season.

The Bay Fur Trappers of Edmonton claim the Hudson's Bay championship in basket ball in Canada, and any company team wishing to challenge them should get in communication with J. Prest or Captain Kate McRae. How about it, Calgary?

Lethbridge

THIS MONTH'S MISFORTUNES

Miss Driver with a bleeding nose.

Miss Pelky in a faint.

Mr. Young with a 65c haircut?

Miss G. Thomas losing ten pounds.

Miss N. Thomas finding them.

W. Thomson buying dance tickets, and someone else dancing with the lady.

Mr. Upton giving three refunds in one day.

Miss Jones' watch being fast one morning, allowing her to get breakfast.

Miss W. and Mr. W. with their holidays over.

Mr. Robertson with a new baby in his home.

—

One of the boys was heard to remark "that if Miss Pelky must faint during business hours, there are more comfortable *things* to faint against than one of the store pillars."

Some of the boys are working hard on the exhibit that is to be made shortly at the fair grounds, so much so that it was remarked that J. E. hasn't had time to shave since Sunday.

Now maybe some of the folks mentioned in the foregoing will furnish some material for *The Beaver*.

—

LOVE KNOTS UNRAVELLED

A.B.M.—No, Arabella, a wig, a glass eye, a wooden leg and false teeth are not considered appropriate accessories of the wedding dressing table. *Nil desperandum* should, however, be your motto, and your charms, though detachable, must eventually be recognized. We strongly advise you to insert a coy little advertisement in our "Matrimonial Situations Wanted" column, applying for a blind man with a kind heart and bank account to match.

A.W.—What you must consider, Alfred, is that in all matrimonial duels, the choice of weapons lies with the lady (or woman, according to your feelings at the time). A rolling pin is a formidable enough weapon, but escape is easier from it than from a fire hose, especially when the latter is wielded by a lady who has been trained in its use from birth.

Saskatoon

Irene O'Reilly, an ex-employee of the store, was hostess at a charming shower on Wednesday evening, July 2nd, for Miss MacNeil, whose marriage to Frank Dillon, of Medicine Hat, took place on July 8th. The pretty miscellaneous gifts were presented to the bride-elect by three small girls, Misses Lucille Alway, Dorothy McEwing and Evelyn Winks, who comprised a miniature bridal party. Sweet peas were the seasonable decoration of the rooms and the refreshment table. The hostess was assisted by Misses Alice Hall, Maude Devine, Margaret Noble and Kipping. During the evening associates of Miss MacNeil on the Hudson's Bay Company's staff sent as their gift a handsome silver casserole.

Novel window displays by W. Wilson are attracting considerable attention these days. A recent display of more than ordinary interest was a bathing window.

The furniture department is being rearranged to make room for the fancy goods which are being moved from the balcony. The beauty parlours are being enlarged and will occupy the space formerly used by the fancy goods.

Almost every member of the staff turned out to vote in the provincial election held on Wednesday last, and when the report, "Saskatchewan wet; majority 35,000," came out, we could infer from the remarks that the majority of our staff had voted on the winning side. Still, Saskatoon and the surrounding districts are dry; in fact, too dry.

Mr. Fisher, merchandise manager, Winnipeg store, visited Saskatoon recently.

We welcome Miss Henning, who is employed in the whitewear department.

Those enjoying holidays at present are: Mr. Bailey, Misses Venables, Lapine, Ore.

Misses Horrocks, Winters and Shultz are added to the bobbed-hair brigade and so far seem to be enjoying the novelty.

C. Madill, buyer for the millinery department, is leaving on a purchasing trip to the eastern markets.

Mrs. Cyr, of the beauty parlours, is in New York selecting new equipment.

Winnipeg
Retail

Mrs. Turvey, Misses J. and P. Anderson, Waugh and Blums at Winnipeg Beach

HOLIDAY NEWS

Holiday season is here once more and members of the staff already have had, are now having, or expect soon to enjoy, relaxation from the accustomed tasks. Among those who have lately returned are: J. Whalley, who with his family motored some five hundred miles as far west as Preeceville, Sask.; Monica Watson, who journeyed eastward, visiting among other places of interest Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa and Niagara Falls; W. Davidson, who also spent his vacation in the east. Others journeying far afield are: T. Mills and family at Grand Forks, N.D.; A. Laping and family at Gimli; R. Wood and family, motoring to Minneapolis, Minn., and points south; Miss Pardo, at Chicago, Detroit and Windsor. T. F. Reith, ye editor of this column, is trying to break the record on the golf course. Others are taking advantage of the beaches, and the store poet must also have caught the holiday spirit, as accompanying lines will indicate:

My wife went on a holiday; I thought it would be jolly to live all by myself awhile, but now I'm kind of sorry. She only went the other day—a month she'll be away; what I'll live on till she gets back is more than I can say. I'm tired right now of pork and beans; I always burn the bacon, and when I view the dishes piled, it sets my head to achin'. There's still a few clean dishes left—enough for 'bout a day—but when I dirty those—the thought just fills me with dismay. I guess I'll have to start right in and wash the whole blame lot, and that's a job that I just love, I'll tell the world, *it's not.* I'm getting low on food supplies, I'll have to buy some more; last night I had to borrow bread from the lady just next door. I see I'm nearly out of sugar; I haven't any cheese, and I've such a dainty appetite I'm pretty hard to please. I don't like turnips, carrots, beets, not fussy 'bout potatoes, but one thing I don't mind at all, that's living on tomatoes. I'll eat them for my breakfast, and fry them up at noon, and once again at suppertime tomatoes are a boon. They are my only comfort, and while my wife's away I guess I'll eat tomatoes blamed near six times a day. But all the same I like to sit down to a good hot meal, with meat and pie and other things. How good 'twould make me feel. But what's the use of kicking; my wife won't come back yet. But all the same all I can do is grumble, grouse and fret. Oh, gosh, life does seem hard and tough, so futile are my wishes, but I can't delay it longer for I've got to wash those dishes.

—

In honour of Hetty Shaw, who will leave shortly for Los Angeles to be married, a linen shower was held at the home of Mrs. W. Moore, Marian Street, Norwood. The house was artistically decorated with white streamers and wedding bells. The gifts were presented by little Katherine Beaton. The evening was spent in dancing and songs, after which refreshments were served. The guests included Mesdames G. Anderson, G. Faulkner, D. D. Shaw and O. Turvey, Misses A. Parker, G. Anderson, A. Claney, H. Pears, M. Brown, E. Reid, S. Birch, N. Smith, P. and J. Anderson, V. Marchmant, F. Beringson, K. Ferris, L. Shaw, E. White, M. Dickson, C. Nicol, S. Thorbergson and Miss Nixon.

The lure of the south has proved too strong—Miss Hetty Shaw and Miss Martha Warwick, two brides-to-be, have left us to make their homes in sunny California. Hetty has been with us about

eight years and on leaving was the recipient of a travelling case. Miss Warwick, who has been in the store about nineteen months, was presented with a linen tablecloth and a dozen serviettes. Both have our good wishes for a happy future.

Edith Mills has reached her twenty-first milestone. A few of her girl friends surprised her at her home and helped her to celebrate the happy occasion.

E. McSherry, of the corset department, who is ill in St. Boniface hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis, is now convalescing.

Violet Parker is on the sick-list.

We are pleased to see the pleasant faces of Mrs. Gordon Hunter (*nee* N. McEwan) and wee daughter Nettie, of Victoria, B.C.; also A. Campbell, of Vancouver, B.C. Mrs. Hunter and Mr. Campbell were formerly of the staff here.

We hear that Robert Watson, editor of *The Beaver*, has a new novel (his first in three years) coming along this month. It is entitled "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon," a romance of the Pacific coast, and is being published for the Canadian market by Thomas Allen, of Toronto. It is appearing simultaneously in the United States from a New York publishing house.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Sam Drennan moving fast?

Miss O'Grady wanting her advertisement at bottom of page?

Miss Smale taking reducing exercises?

Dora Blums growing to be six feet tall?

Bert Birch satisfied?

Mr. Jones walking to work?

A. H. Keele being modest?

Geo. Bowdler giving up tennis?

Bill Swain taking up tennis.

D. Craig-Browne reverting to a bicycle?

The shipping room without Peter Goodey?

Chef Breitner falling sick?

Joe Whalley with Mr. Browne's moustache?

Charles Healey unable to find a seat in the street car?

Freda B. with bobbed hair?

Everyone rushing in with *Beaver* copy?

—

GIRLS' BASEBALL

The Winnipeg girls' baseball league is putting up some very good games and, after watching the second game between the league-leading Ramblers and the Hudson's Bay teams, several of the spectators were heard to say that the girls put up as thrilling an exhibition of baseball as anyone could wish to see: stolen bases, snappy sliding, double plays, heavy hitting, brilliant pitching, everything one

DAWN ON KILDONAN LINKS

Messrs. Cunningham, Pearson, Bowdler and Reith, of Winnipeg retail, getting in a game before church time

could wish for. The H.B.C. team came out on the short end of a 6-5 score, but the Ramblers had to step to win.

Since then, however, the Hudson's Bay team has had the honour of being the first and, at the time of writing, the only team to beat the Ramblers. Playing on the Ramblers' grounds, our girls handed them a 9-5 beating.

The girls just batted their way to victory, three home runs being poled out during the seven innings. Brilliant pitching by our star twirler, backed by excellent support from the field, held the Ramblers down. The team is now in second place.

The only teams who have beaten us are the Ramblers and the Tigerettes. There are eight teams in the league. We would like to see a few more supporters from the Bay turn out to our games. Come out and give the girls a boost. The girls would appreciate it and you won't regret it.

Winnipeg Depot

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lyon on June 26th, when approximately thirty employees of the Winnipeg wholesale and depot staffs attended to witness the presentation of a gold watch and chain to Mr. Lyon and a silk umbrella to Mrs. Lyon. Arthur Brock made the presentation, and in his remarks pointed out the length of service Mr. Lyon had served the Company, also the general esteem in which he was held by all members of the staff, stating that, whilst Joe had severed his active connection with the Company, he was still looked upon as one of the family and a welcome would be extended to him at any time he cared to pay us a visit. The watch was suitably inscribed as follows: "Presented to Joseph Lyon by the staffs of the Winnipeg wholesale, depot and fur trade upon his retirement from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company—June 1st, 1876, to May 31st, 1924."

The vacation season is now in full swing, and we anticipate including some snapshots taken in an early issue.

Winnipeg General

JOINT PICNIC TO SELKIRK PARK

A big joint picnic has been arranged for all members of the staffs and friends of the wholesale, depot, fur trade, land, executive, chief accountant and factory. It will be held on July 26th at Selkirk park. Special cars are being provided and a splendid programme of sports and entertainment is under way at time of writing. The following committees are in charge:

Chairman of joint committees, Robert Watson; secretary, Wm. A. Edmonds.

Transportation — A. Knowles (convener), C. W. Elliott, D. Steven, A. H. Bootheridge.

Refreshments—J. B. Poitras (convener), B. Everitt, J. K. Reid, W. Pearson, Mrs. Allan, Misses Killer, M. Henderson, E. Brown, L. Fraser, A. Caldwell, C. Shearer, M. Thomas, Dave Ritchie and J. W. McMicken.

Entertainment—A. Bridgewater (convener), B. Everitt, A. Brock, Mrs. Hudson, Miss Henderson.

Sports— A. Thompson (convener), G. Caslake, E. F. Mapstone, R. W. Murray, E. J. Riley, W. Paul, A. E. Noseworthy, C. Miller, D. F. Reid (announcer) and R. G. Fowle.

Prizes—J. B. Poitras (convener), W. Nairn, W. Paul, R. W. Murray, B. Everitt, and W. A. Edmonds.

—

Dr. Alexander Milne and Mrs. Milne were visitors to Winnipeg last month. Dr. Milne is an old H.B.C. official who rose to be assistant commissioner in the service. He retired in 1910 and is now permanently resident in Scotland. While here this time he renewed many old acquaintances and made a number of new ones.

Land Department

Our sympathy goes out to Russell McGill in his recent bereavement in the loss of his sister.

We congratulate Tom H. Nicholls on his first born. Mrs. and Miss Nicholls, we understand, are doing fine.

Montreal Wholesale

Mr A. H. Doe returned to Montreal after his visit to the West, where he spent a very busy time in conference with the zone managers.

The "great" Captain G. E. Mack arrived in Montreal from Winnipeg to assist in completing arrangements for the sailing of the S.S. *Nascopie*. He sailed in her on the trip to the Arctic on Saturday, July 12th.

The S.S. *Nascopie's* skipper, Captain Smellie, came to the office while the boat was loading. He had a job to keep smiling over the top of the enormous batch of bills of lading he had to sign.

The Company's supply boats, *Nascopie* and *Bayeskimo*, left Montreal on the 12th and 17th July, respectively, and so brought to a close one of the busiest periods of the year in the Montreal office. A number of the staff paid a visit to the boats when in dock and were pleased when the officers on board took them over and explained the many points of interest. The S.S. *Nascopie* sailed at 7 a.m., and it is only natural to suppose that the number of quayside supporters was very much smaller than it would have been had she chosen a more respectable hour for departure. However, those who were present had the satisfaction of seeing the object of their toil for many months past glide away into the distance.

Some of the *bhoys* managed to pass themselves off as packing cases and smuggle into the delivery van which drove them as far as the ship's berth. The rumour that they were detained by the customs officials is not confirmed.

Percy—"Did you ever try to trace back your ancestry."

Adolphus—"I did. It was very difficult, and at last I found myself *up a tree.*" (Darwin theory again.)

"Why do you recommend gardening as a suitable career for my boy?"

"Well, a gardener has his own mint, he sets his own thyme, and his celery is raised every year."

Fur Trade

Winnipeg

It is with great regret we have to announce the death on July 3rd of Samuel Louttit, who came out from Fort George, Hudson Bay, to be operated on for a long standing complaint. Mr. Louttit was placed in St. Boniface hospital, and the operation at first appeared to be entirely successful; however, he finally, succumbed to broncho-pneumonia. The funeral took place on July 6th from Thomson's funeral parlours, the pall bearers being Messrs. William M. Conn and John Henry, of the fur trade staff, and A. V. Moore and A. Knowles, of the depot. The sympathies of the commissioner and staff are extended to the bereaved relatives.

J. S. Mooney, of Whitefish lake, arrived in Winnipeg June 23rd and spent a few days here.

Apprentice clerks David Donaldson and Robert Walker arrived in Winnipeg July 14th. They are proceeding to posts in Keewatin district.

Onion Lake

(*Saskatchewan District*)

A DISTRESSING INCIDENT

The other week the writer witnessed one of the saddest incidents that he has ever come across.

A settler named Warren La Roche lived about seven miles north of the post, and in the fall we often used to slip out there in the evening and have a duck hunt, camp with him over night and come in next morning. About three weeks ago he was married to a lady who came out to him from England. She was new and strange to the ways of the country, but she took hold at once and in a short time the rough-and-ready bachelor's shack was transformed into a home. Last Sunday my wife and I went out and spent the day with them, and on Monday they were at the post. On Wednesday they went out for a picnic; but to reach the spot they had to cross a lake in a skiff. Mrs. La

Roche got out first and strolled up the bank picking flowers. Mr. La Roche pulled the skiff ashore and picked up his shot-gun. In some way the hammer caught and the gun went off, the charge going through his right lung. She heard the report and rushed to him, but he merely whispered to her twice and died. (He was a most studiously careful man with a gun and one of the few hunters that I cared to have walk behind me in the bush.) In order to get back home, she had to recross the lake and, being quite unaccustomed to the management of a boat, was tipped out in deep water; but somehow she managed to scramble ashore, drenched to the neck. She had not reached the road, but managed to get through the bush back to the house, after being lost for some time. She tried to catch a horse, but could not; she tried to start his car, but could not manage this either. Finally she started along what she thought was the road to the settlement, the nearest house being five miles away. The road was very faint and she lost her way, and about sundown it began to rain. About ten o'clock that night a settler who lives about two miles north from here went outside and saw someone crawling along on hands and knees and crying. He brought her into his house. She was, of course, in a terrible condition, but he found out from her what had happened and, leaving her in charge of his wife, who put dry clothes on her and tried to quiet her, he ran in to the post. A friend happened to be there with a car, so we jumped in and went out and got her; and my wife, the wife of the opposition trader and I sat with her all night. I have had some odds and ends of nasty experiences—for instance, the time the cannon blew up at Cumberland House nearly twenty years ago and burnt the faces off Horace Blenager, Frank Seguin, Paul Carre and Capt. Haight—but nothing so far has come within a mile of listening till morning to that poor woman's grief.

In the meantime I had wired to the police in Lloydminster, and early next day a constable and a party of helpers went out and brought in the body, which we interred the following morning.

Every one who could lent willing and ready aid. One lot set to and turned out a coffin that would have been a credit to a city. Others dug the grave. Still others got flowers and made wreaths. Not a thing that could be done to show sympathy and console the grief-striken widow was overlooked.

I am glad to say that in spite of all Mrs. La Roche has gone through she is coming along really much better than could have been hoped for. Every assistance is being given her in the settlement of her affairs.—*Alex. Seymour.*

Grouard Post

Harold Laird, Indian agent, started out on his annual treaty payments on the 16th, paying at Sucker creek and other points along Lesser Slave lake. B. A. Scovil accompanied Mr. Laird in the capacity of assistant.

John McDermott passed through here from Whitefish Lake post on his way to Edmonton. We understand Mr. McDermott is leaving Whitefish for good, taking charge of another post in this district.

Bishop Robins visited Grouard on his way to St. Peter's mission and St. Andrew's mission at Whitefish. The bishop was attending the annual synod of the English Church at High Prairie.

We are again in the throes of a provincial election, voting taking place on the 11th of July. The U.F.A. candidate is Mr. Cull, of High Prairie, and the Liberal candidate L. A. Giroux, of Edmonton.

Our radio is out of order. Some kind person burnt the tubes out, so we are at present cut off from world communication. However, we intend starting up business again this fall.

On the evening of June 21st a heavy frost hit these parts, freezing potato tops and some garden stuff. Most of the grain in the district is O.K.

Rev. C. D. White, of Whitefish Lake, was a visitor recently.

Moose Factory

WILLIAM MOORE

William Moore, the subject of this sketch and photograph, is in possession of the Company's gold medal with four bars, and though a pensioner still carries on the important duties of a blacksmith at Moose Factory.

Moore was born at Mattagami post in 1855, joined the Company on a seven-year contract as apprentice blacksmith in 1871, was married in 1878, and in the same year sent to Rupert's House to work at his trade. Blacksmiths in those days made all traps, axes, crooked knives, fire steels, Indian awls, fish spears, etc.

In the year 1902 Moore returned to Moose Factory to preside at the anvil, and has remained at Moose since that time. In common with his brother tradesmen, he was often taken away from his regular duties and sent to attend some officer on a trip—in summer by boat, in winter by dog team. So it will be easily understood that he became acquainted with many prominent officials of the Company, a large number of whom have long passed away, but all of whom are mentioned in terms of the deepest respect and affection by both whites and reds throughout James Bay district to this day. Among these are: Messrs. Broughton, J. Clouston, J. L. Cotter, Donald McTavish, George McTavish, Sam Parsons, Capt. Taylor, James Vincent, Allan Nicholson, George McKenzie, A. W. Patterson, J. G. Mowat.

During the greater part of his service, Moore lived *hard*, after the fashion of the time, and had several narrow escapes of losing his life after the fashion of any time—in these parts.—*G. R. Ray.*

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
–they last longer

An Eveready Flashlight Is a Necessity

More and more your customers realize that a flashlight is a necessity when they go in the bush.

This time of year, when preparations are being made for the winter's trap line, is your opportunity to sell Eveready Flashlights and unit cells.

When your customers come to you for outfitting be sure that an Eveready Flashlight and plenty of unit cells are included in their purchases. They know that when they go into the bush they are going to need Eveready's quick, dependable illumination.

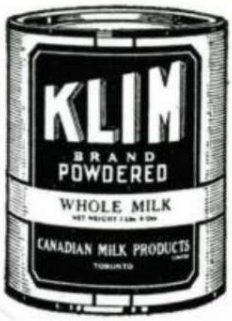
CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY LTD.
Montreal TORONTO Winnipeg

KLIM

POWDERED WHOLE MILK

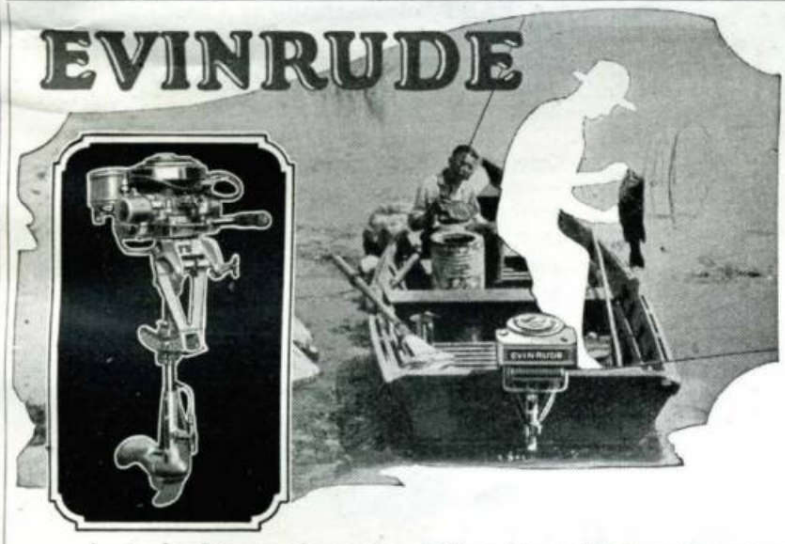
Has All the Original Rich Flavor

To return Klim Powdered Whole Milk to natural liquid milk, mix with water. You are simply replacing the water which was removed from the original milk by an exclusive process in Klim plants. Klim is not a substitute for milk—it is fresh cows' milk in the most convenient form for keeping the natural freshness and purity intact, until it is required for use.



CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

EVINRUDE



The Light Weight Champion and You

A single day on the water with a Sport Twin will make you a confirmed Evinrude fan—an enthusiastic booster of this wonderful little 40-pounder. It fires at the first pull of the Easy starter. Its ample power flows smoothly and quietly. Its extreme handiness—for carrying, attaching or operating—makes it ideal for motoring and week-end use. Built-in-flywheel Magneto—no batteries. Automatic Reverse. Safety Tilt-up protects motor.

Ask your sporting goods or hardware dealer. Write for latest catalog.

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

REMINGTON HEAVY DUCK LOADS HAVE THE LONGEST REACH
Remington
NITRO CLUB
GAME LOADS
12 GA. Remington 5 CH
HEAVY DUCK LOAD
Suitable for
BRANT
JACK RABBIT
NITRO CLUB Wetproof
Remington
Heavy Duck Loads
Pull 'em down
THEY HAVE THE LONGEST REACH
THEY HAVE A MIGHTY WALLOP
THEY KNOCK EM' DEAD
A FAST, close-shooting, hard-hitting, long-range load with moderate recoil. They pull the ducks down when they are wild and flying high—fine for pass shooting.
* * *
One of the Remington Game Loads —specific loads for specific game, scientifically loaded to a uniform standard of velocity, pattern and penetration, all with moderate recoil.
REMINGTON ARMS CO., Inc., New York City
Established 1816
FIREARMS, AMMUNITION, CUTLERY
AND CASH REGISTERS
LYNN BOGUE HUNT